

# The Student's Pen



April, 1934

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# THE STUDENT'S PEN

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### STAR SONG

May all your nights be wonder-starred,  
Your days—dear dreams of gold and blue,  
And may they not be sorrow-scarred,  
But glad with laughter, ringing true!

May all your nights be fragile-starred,  
Soft-misted by the twinkling dew,  
And may they not be harsh pain-marred,  
But gay with vivid hopes and new!

May all your life be starry-strong  
In fortune, and misfortune, too,  
And may you have a magic song  
That laughs and sings your whole life through!

*Marguerite A. Donna.*

# EDITORIALS



## YOUTH AND WORLD PEACE

ON EVERY hand today the enemies of world peace seem to be gaining a foothold over the enemies of war. Under the guise of nationalism numerous European countries are apparently doing their best to undermine the structure that supports the world's peace machinery.

The Japanese dragon, in the Far East, has raised its ugly head and is selfishly putting Japan's own narrow interests before those of the world in general. France, by insisting on her policy of "security" is only making it simpler for Hitler in Germany to further his own ends of regaining that nation's pre-war position. England with her "Buy British" program and the United States in "Buying American," while promoting nationalism, are aiding in destroying the chances for accord between nations.

These policies lead avidly to war. It is not a pleasant thought to consider that perhaps somewhere in Japan, in Germany, in France, in Austria, in Russia, or maybe in England, there is a young fellow in school with ideas, ideals, and ambitions similar to our own who may someday have thrust into his unwilling hands a gun with which to murder one of us. Today we do not know him, and in not knowing him, have only kind thoughts for him; but tomorrow he may become a murderer of one of us, or one of us may kill him. The statesmen of our respective fatherlands decide that there is a bone of contention between our countries and the young are sent out to butcher one another until those same statesmen draw up a farcical peace. It is an absurdity to think that differences can be successfully reconciled in this manner. War only covers old hates with mud and digs up fresh ones from the blood soaked earth.

Because men fought for four years after 1914 doesn't signify that the problems of that decade were settled. Quite the contrary! If we look about us today we see that France is no better off than she was then, that Germany is in chaos, that Austrian soldiers are killing their fellows in the streets of Vienna, and that all of Europe owes the United States so much money that we can hardly ever expect to collect more than a fraction of the total. Not one issue for which the Great War was fought, was successfully settled by that conflagration! War then certainly is not the potion with which to cure the ills of the world.

Why, then, we young people have a right to ask, must Youth be dedicated as a sacrifice to Mars? Why must we give up our lives for a cause that is lost even before the first gun is fired, simply because men refuse to arbitrate their differences peaceably?



We should not be asked to; and the only way we can successfully avoid the necessity of being asked is to become champions of peace and not heralds of war. In our homes, in our clubs, and in our schools young men and women should lead a crusade for peace. We should talk peace, we should preach peace, we should develop a philosophy of peace, and we should sincerely convince our parents, our teachers, and our legislators that we prize human life so dearly that we do not believe that any disagreements between nations should be settled by the young butchering one another; the young, that had no part in fomenting those disputes.

Richard Stevenson

### FORENSIC ACTIVITIES

WITHIN five days nine students of Pittsfield High have received high honors in public speaking as the successful culmination of weeks of painstaking research work and hours of careful grooming. On April seventh, our successful entrant in the oratorical contest conducted by the *Springfield Republican* started on his trip to Washington, D. C.—the just reward for having been picked as one of the first three best high school speakers in Western Massachusetts. On April eleventh, the negative and affirmative debating teams were successful in defeating their opponents in the annual county debates. This feat put Pittsfield High in a tie with one other high school that had a similarly successful team for the honor of ranking first in debating circles in Berkshire County. These two achievements certainly speak very commendably for the work done by the debating club.

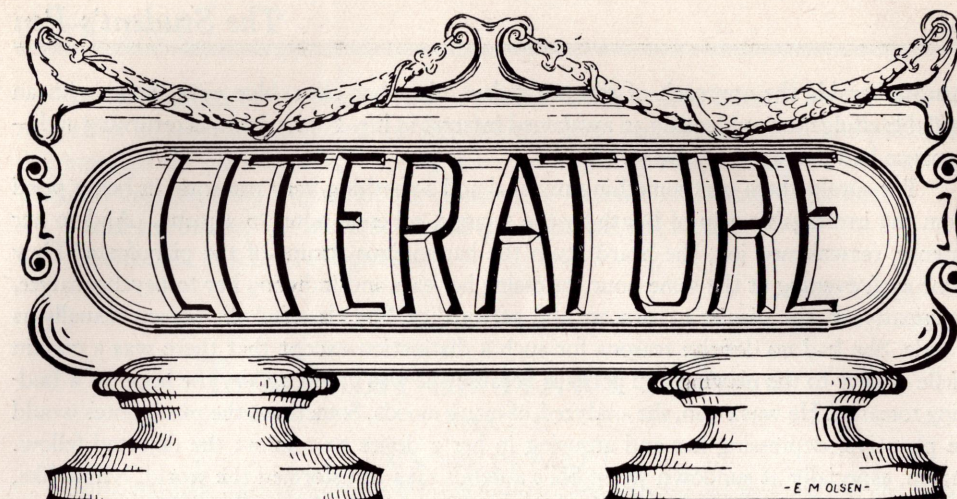
The Pittsfield High School Debating Club was formed some years ago at the old high school building on Second Street. The main purpose of the club was to have weekly debates so that members of the club could improve the manner in which they talked before an audience. Since that time, additional activities have been taken over, the most prominent of which are the county debates, but the meetings held on Wednesday afternoons in Room 330 are essentially the same as those held when the club was in its infancy.

The work done by the debators is arduous but very valuable. In preparing for debates, volumes must be pored over, booklets printed by large corporations or by the government must be read, and old newspapers have to be searched for material.

The work is hard, but the results justify it. Since the present advisor, Mr. Lynch, has been in charge of the club, in the eight county debates in which the club has taken part only one debate has been lost, and that was only a partial defeat as the affirmative team won while the negative lost. The success of P. H. S. debaters in college circles has been commensurate with this record. William Greenwood at Bates, Roger O'Gara at Bucknell, William Andrews at Williams, and many others have stepped from high school into college debating with singular success.

Debating at P. H. S. is suffering from lack of interest. At present there are only fifteen active members in the club. Their work has been gratifying but successful debating cannot go on unless more students join the club. Therefore, if you have any interest in debating, you should make arrangements to spend part of your Wednesday afternoons in Room 330.

Watch for the Awards in The Student's Pen  
Poetry and Short Story Contest



### MUSIC HATH CHARMS

IT WAS A dismal day, conducive to introspection. An oppressive silence permeated the sick room. Faded wisps of light crept from between forbiddingly drawn curtains and fell with faint lustre on the rug. The atmosphere was sultry and pungent with the odor of anesthetics. A nurse, immaculate in white uniform, mutely counted feeble pulse beats. A doctor, intently observant, scanned analytically the pallid features of the patient. The wan countenance suggested a potent beauty,—a beauty that had fled before the spectral figure of Death. The eyes were expressionless and stared emptily toward the ceiling,—through the ceiling,—off into infinite space. The monotonous ticking of the nurses' watch, methodically striking away the precious seconds of waning life, was the only sound.

Suddenly, with the keenness of a knife, a deep, resonant piano chord penetrated the silence. The doctor raised his head, a frown furrowing his brow; the nurse remained rigid, expectant, awaiting another note. For a transient instant a flicker of expression touched the invalid's visage. Then, like a passing thought, it was gone.

Again a chord, now a note higher, trembled and shook the silence. Then booming arias of notes rose and fell in crescendo and diminuendo. There was something vastly unreal in the song,—something that subjected the nurse and doctor to an involuntary incantation. Finally the physician roused himself and imperiously waved a hand toward the door.

"... disturbing the patient," he muttered.

The nurse began to rise, but the pale, gaunt hand of the infirm one stayed her. The patient's lips formed the word "no" although no sound issued forth. Unconsciously the nurse sought the patient's wrist.

"Doctor, her pulse has improved. Perhaps the music—"

"Yes, yes. You may remain." The physician renewed his analysis.

The music continued. From the throbbing, powerful notes it suddenly digressed to soft, soothing tones, rich and mellow. The patient's eyelids drooped, opened resolutely, then slowly closed and wrapped the girl in the realm of Somnus. The doctor slowly sat upright, sighed relievedly, and said simply:

"The crisis is past."

Lucille Hutton lay back in the downy recess of the pillow. Her complexion was as yet pale, but faint tinges of pink in her cheeks augured the return of beauty departed, as colorful



Aurora heralds the approach of returning day. Now her clear blue eyes shone with an ineffable effulgence, evidencing an awakened interest in life. For health was returning and—romance had pervaded her heart.

For surely there was something unusual and something very romantic in being pried from the irrefragable grip of Death by the strange, ethereal notes of a piano. And to her intense, reawakened joy, she heard again the harmonious strains of the pianoforte. They came each evening at the same hour, caressing her ears and inducing her to psychoanalyze, imaginatively, the pianist's character and personality. She classified the person sexually as a male. She had no definite reasons for such a distinction except that there was a certain virile quality to the playing, and perhaps because she was influenced by the hope of a budding romance. He was a man, she analyzed, of many moods. Sometimes the piano notes would be plaintive, depressing her and arousing in her a desire to comfort the dejected fellow. Again, especially at sundown when Sol's aureous rays transformed the world, Midas-like, into glittering gold, joyous and refreshing arias would reverberate from the room above. The piano was the voice of the man's soul. Its effusions Lucille heard with concern and soon there arose within her an earnest desire to meet the musician.

Days dissolved into weeks, and beauty, with timidity lost, diffused itself over the recuperated Lucille. She had almost lost in despair her hope of meeting the being upstairs. His daily musicals continued but not a glimpse of him greeted her longing eyes. But finally, one afternoon, he visited her, in quest of a can-opener. Lucille employed the opportunity to full advantage. She procured the desired article and ventured:

"You are renting the apartment above!"

"Yes, I'm all alone. I eat canned food for the most part and when I misplaced the can-opener I was in a fix. You should be awarded a medal for saving a life from starvation."

"But you must come down to dinner with me sometime." Lucille tried not to appear too eager. "I'm alone also."

"If you will visit me first, I might condescend." His invitation was earnest and Lucille accepted.

Her first impression of Brian Gleason (for such he gave as his name) was favorable. His face, if not handsome, was not unpleasant to look at. Its features were firm, with a slightly aquiline nose and determined jaw. Lucille's heart pounded with anticipation of the morrow's visit.

The following evening Lucille arrayed herself as handsomely as a scanty wardrobe would permit, and ascended to the apartment above. Brian, as usual at this time, was playing. The notes were light and fast, expressive of a happy mood. Lucille hoped it was in anticipation of her visit.

She quivered slightly as she knocked lightly on the door panel. She glanced hastily over herself and, reassured as to her appearance, knocked again. This time the door opened and Brian stood on the threshold. She greeted him pleasantly then suddenly drew back, amazed. The piano notes still tumbled merrily forth!

"Why, the piano—its—its," she stammered, then slowly entered the room. "Its a—a pianola—a player piano. You—don't play?" Her tone was incredulous.

"I—er—well you see." Now Brian was stammering.

"Never mind," Lucille interrupted. She seemed on the verge of crying. "You deceived me. I don't want to see you again." With that utterance she fled,—fled down the stairway to her room below and there wept profusely.

Brian, stunned by the suddenness of events, finally roused himself. Struck with the realization of what had occurred, he slammed the door, strode morosely to the piano, and disconnected the pianola switch. Sitting down he rippled the keys thoughtfully, morbidly. Then his long, tapering fingers fell like raindrops as a mournful Cantata burst forth.

"Like the others," he blurted. "She loves my music, not me."

Downstairs, Lucille wept profusely.

Thomas Enright

## THE LIGHT ON HAWK'S CLAW

### PART II

#### SYNOPSIS OF PART I

Charter Reynolds, cub reporter on the *Wheeling News* had been attracted one rainy night by the droning of an airplane and the simultaneous flashing of a strange light on the desolate Hawk's Claw Mountain. Again and again on rainy nights the two incidents occurred, until Reynolds linked them together, the light a mysterious signal for the airplane. His detective sense asserting itself, he made a secret visit to the lonely summit, determined to solve the mystery. After a tortuous climb he gained the rocky peak and found to his amazement, that one rock gave at his touch.

"It's no rock; it's a sheet of painted canvas," he whispered hoarsely. Under the canvas was concealed a high-powered searchlight with control shutters used for signalling. He knew that miles below the summit, in the depths of the mountain was an old, abandoned coal mine, and mentally he strove to connect the mine and the signal light. More determined than ever to solve the mystery, he replaced the canvas and started the descent.

HE REACHED the *News* chariot in a few minutes and after starting the motor and switching on the lights, commenced his bumpy ride down the logging road. Finally he reached the state road and, after the machine had steadied down to an unrelenting purr, let his thoughts race back over the afternoon's occurrences. That old lumber camp had looked ghostly in the dark, deserted forest.

"That was it," exclaimed Charter, "I'll bet that old place has something to do with that light!" But his inner self argued, "How could it be possible?" Charter didn't know, in fact, he knew little enough about the complete affair. As he drew near the outskirts of Wheeling, the noise and lights of the evening traffic brought him out of his reverie, and demanded his whole attention in weaving through the crowds of people going home to supper. Finally he reached the *News* building and switched off the motor. For several minutes he sat in deep silence. Carleton, press foreman, hurried by on his way to supper.

"Hi, Chart," he called.

Charter answered absently with a dreamy, "Hello."

He could not erase that lumber camp from his mind.

Mechanically he walked up the steps into the *News* office. Most of the staff had gone home. Here and there, under a green shade, an isolated, shirt-sleeved reporter was busy on a belated story. The city editor had not yet gone home. Charter made his way to Browning's desk. As he passed the night desk, Murphy, night man, glanced up under quizzical eyebrows and asked, "Out on a run, kid?"

"Yep," Charter flung back and kept walking.

"Any assignments, chief?"

"Yes, a bank over in Richmond got a hold of some counterfeit hundred dollar bills and they're raisin' the roof about it. You'll find the A.P. dispatch in your box. Write it up and tell Joey to give half-inch head type. Anything turn up today?"

Charter choked off the real answer and blurted out, "No, not a thing."



"All right, Chart, write up that story and then go home and get some sleep. You need a good rest."

With that last bit of advice, Browning went home. Finally, one by one, the reporters left. Murphy went down to the press-room. Below in the basement, the Falcon presses were rumbling out the night edition. The wind whistled outside; the days were growing colder. The old silvered radiator crinkled and wheezed. The lights on the fleet of littered desks were dark. Charter was alone.

Suddenly Charter conceived the idea of calling the watchman at the coal mine and finding out in what directions the shafts were dug. He wheeled in his swivel chair and snatched up the telephone book. Swiftly he dialed the number and a wheezy Irish voice answered, "Hullo."

"Hello," answered Charter, "Is this the mine watchman?"

"Yes, and what might you want? Say, who is this?"

Charter quickly decided to conceal his identity.

"This is a representative of the 'Mining Journal', we're getting out a new circular and I'd like to know if the Athabasca mine runs—well, what direction you have, uh—cut in? We're making a geologic survey of the West Virginia coal fields."

"Wul, she goes straight in the south side of Hawk's Claw and then she shoots west after a couple hundred feet."

"Oh," answered Charter, "She doesn't run near the Raven Rock Country?"

"Nope, straight west. We hit a bed of flint and had to turn her that way."

"All right, thanks, I'll see that you are mentioned in the account."

"Yes, sor, thank you."

"Oh, say," put in Charter, "She hasn't run for some time, has she?"

"Nope, not since '27."

"All right, goodbye."

The receiver at the other end clicked and Charter hung up.

He gazed reflectively out the window. "That answer seemed sort of guarded; but perhaps I'm just imagining it."

With a despairing sigh he went over to his box, got the Associated Press dispatch, and then returned to his desk. Rolling a clean sheet of paper into his typewriter, he began his story on the counterfeits.

He was just getting into the dramatic swing of his story when a siren screamed its way up the street. A red blur blazed by as a chemical truck roared onward to a fire. Murphy came running up the steps into the editorial room. He was breathless, and panted out in short, swift jerks, "Fire in Standard Oil warehouse—stay here—to—watch night desk—I'll—cover story!"

"Okay, Murphy, don't step on the firemen's toes."

The slamming of the door drowned out Murphy's retort. Chuckling to himself, Charter resumed his story. The wind was roaring by this time, and he hated to think of leaving the warm building. A crimson glow in the sky to the east told of the oil fire.

Suddenly there was a sharp pit-a-pat on the window. He looked up,—“Oh, only rain.” He started to continue with his work, then suddenly, he stopped. That word “rain” seemed to rear itself into his brain.

"Of course, 'rain' and 'signals'; they go hand in hand," he whispered.

He quickly rose from his chair and went to the window. He cupped up his hands so that he might better see into the night and looked in the direction of Hawk's Claw.

Nothing. He stared for some time but no light showed. Disappointed, he went back to his desk and finished his story. He was just getting settled for a long night's vigil in Murphy's place when the telephone at his elbow chattered out its ringing rumours. He grabbed the phone and put the receiver to his ear.

"Wheeling News."

"Charter?" asked a voice which he recognized as Browning, city editor's.

"Yes, Chief."

"Say, have you noticed a light flickering over on The Claw. I just noticed it a minute ago?"

Charter looked out the window. He saw the light and heard again the purring of the ship above. Instantly he made a momentous decision.

"Chief, I gotta see you quick. Are you at home? I have to come over right away!"

The receiver issued forth a wild, fuming protest.

"Important," yelled Charter, "I must see you at once!"

He slammed down the receiver and ran down to the press room. Ted Forrest, pressman, sat smoking a potent pipe as he read a fresh copy of the *News*.

"Ted, take the night desk," Charter panted, "I gotta go!" Before the surprised, open-mouthed printer could answer, Charter had gone. He snatched his hat and coat on the run and raced down the steps. Rain pelted him mercilessly. He saw that Murphy had taken the Ford, and saying unprintable things to himself, he raced to Browning's residence.

After an exhausting run, during which people looked at him curiously, Charter reached Browning's house.

Browning greeted him at the door with, "What's the big idea?"

"Lemme-get-my breath," panted Charter.

Charter finally managed to tell Browning of how he had first seen the light on the hill and of hearing the plane. He told the city editor of the finding of the fake-rock.

"Chief, we've got to go to the Hawk's Claw. I think we can get at the bottom of this thing."

Browning, whose ability to see potential news had gotten him to the top, at once decided to go.

"We'll use my car. I'll get a flashlight. Here are the keys; go out to the garage and get her out!"

Charter grabbed the keys and flew out the back door. He squinted through the rain at the mountain. The light had quit. The plane was also gone. He soon got the city editor's De Soto in action and zoomed up the driveway. Browning jumped in beside him.

"You drive," he commanded, "You know the road."

Unprotesting, Charter urged the car down the wet pavements and slid it to a stop in front of the police station.

"Might need help," he said, in explanation. He disappeared into the doorway and soon returned with Stacey, Chief of the detective staff.

Charter let in the clutch and they were on their way.

The detective spoke up, "Young Reynolds here told me about this thing. Maybe we got something big."



"Yes," returned Browning, as he stared at the road ahead, "Something blamed queer about the whole thing."

Charter smiled but took no part in the conversation.

"Push her, Chart," commanded Browning, "We've got the law with us!"

And push her Charter did. He gripped the wheel tightly as the smooth little Eight slid down the glassy concrete at seventy miles an hour.

Soon the jumping off place was reached and they began the ascent. The hilly road was muddy and slippery. The car roared up in second. When they were still quite some distance from the lumber camp, Charter stopped the car and shut off the lights and motor.

"I think we had better go the rest of the way quietly and on foot," he offered in explanation.

The three got out and bent forward up the hill into the assailing rain. Suddenly Charter held up his hand for silence. Straining his ears, he caught the unmistakable sound of an airplane. The others nodded in understanding.

Then, without warning, a beam of light broke over the trees. It flashed off and on swiftly.

"Come on," whispered Charter to the amazed Browning and Stacey. They were nearing the mill when Charter said quietly to the two others, "There's a man up there, standing in front of that shack on the right. See him?"

Finally Stacey and Browning were able to pick him out from the other dark objects. The searchlight continued to flicker from the side of the dark mountain.

Suddenly the man hurried into the building. They waited for five minutes. The lone person did not return.

"Come on," said Charter, "Let's follow him."

"Have your gun ready, Stacey; we don't know what we're up against."

"You can count on me," returned the burly detective as he drew forth his blue-steel automatic. The trio made their way to the shanty and stepped inside. Charter was in the lead and had the flashlight. He carefully focused it about the place. The beam brought a flight of steps into view. They cautiously tiptoed down these and stood at the bottom. The floor was of hard packed dirt. The building had evidently been a pumping station of some sort for two big rusty gasoline pumps reposed on the icy floor. A cry of amazement from Charter caused the others to look in the direction of the flashlight's beam. There in the clay wall was a black hole covered with a gunnysack. It was large enough to accommodate a man if he stooped down.

"Put out that flash!" commanded Stacey, "That guy disappeared in there."

"Shall we go on?" asked Charter of Browning. Browning asked the same question of the detective.

"Come on," he said hoarsely, "It's too late to turn back and besides I think we're going to see something!"

The three proceeded with infinite caution down the passage way.

"Feel carefully for any holes before you step ahead," advised Browning, "We don't want any broken legs."

The narrow passage ran for quite a distance; then Charter noticed that their voices began to take on a hollow echo.

"Can we risk switching it on again?" he asked.

Stacey tried in vain to pierce the inky blackness with his eyes.

"Well, try it anyway," he answered hurriedly. Guarding the beam with his hand over the end of the light, Chester threw its rays about. He brought it to focus on the nearest wall.

"Look at that," he exclaimed, pointing to the wall, "What is it?"

"Well, by gosh," exclaimed Stacey.

Charter switched off the light and said, "I'll bet you anything we're in an abandoned shaft of the Athabasca mine!"

"Yes, but look," objected Browning with alarm, "We're liable to get lost in this crazy place."

"Oh, we're okay so far," consoled Stacey, "There haven't been any turn-off shafts."

Suddenly, without any further ado, Charter went down.

"What happened?" uttered both Browning and Stacey in one breath.

Charter's answer reassured them, "Tripped on rail, this is the mine all right." He got to his feet and deeper they plunged into the mine shaft and the mystery.

Suddenly voices were heard.

"Take it easy now, slow down," Stacey said.

There was a turn in the shaft ahead because light reflected on one of the walls. The three silently crept around the side of the wall and peered cautiously into the bright light down the shaft.

There, before them, was the last thing in the world that they had expected to see in the mine. Charter and Browning were struck dumb with amazement. Stacey, the detective, muttered absently, "Well, fer gosh sakes." There, in front of them was a large clearing in the mine shaft. But how that clearing had been transformed! A wooden floor had been built and covered with carpets. Wallboards had been put up and even a ceiling had been constructed. These were but a part of the amazing features. There in the underground room was an array of black, shiny, ponderous machines. These were running smoothly. There were great chests and piles of paper lying about. The floor was littered with strips and scraps. There were six men in the room, some hurrying about carrying paper and some tending the whirring machines. The men talked freely but their words could not be distinctly heard. There were dazzling electric lights all about. A gasoline generator hummed quietly. There was a telephone, a stove and some seats. The whole scene was one of humming industry. The three curious men had stumbled onto an empire!

There was a queer tang in the air which Charter recognized as printer's ink. Then suddenly the whole solution dawned on him.

"Why, they're—they're—," he stammered.

"Counterfeiters," finished Browning.

"Yes," acknowledged Stacey, "That's what they are?"

Then a door opened at the far end of the room and three others entered. It was at that time that Stacey whispered, "Come on, let's get out of here, we'll need help to take this place."

That ride down the hill and back to town was a memorable one for Charter. The city editor's car literally screamed along the highway. They finally stopped at the station and Stacey and Browning jumped out.

"What a night this is going to be," said Stacey, in anticipation as he dashed into the police headquarters.



Browning rapidly issued orders to Charter, "You go back to the office and wait; get all the crew from home. I'm going with the raiders and if we pull it okay, we'll run an extra and the scoop will be yours,—get going!"

Exultantly Charter drove back to the *News* office and rounded up the crew. One by one they soon came crashing in, wanting to know what the fuss was all about. Then the whole news personnel waited,—for news of the storming of the redoubt. Charter glanced over to the Claw; it was again dark. The rain had stopped.

\* \* \* \*

The high-powered squad car pulled away from headquarters and hurried forth into the night.

\* \* \* \*

One o'clock in the *News* building. The crew stood nervously around, some smoking, some chewing gum. Charter tapped his desk incessantly. The telephone bell jingled. He answered.

A cry of joy came over the wires.

"This is Browning. We did it! Nobody hurt—took 'em by surprise, got the whole bunch!—Here's your story, kid; it's a big one and you'll make your name from it! It's all yours! Now listen—This bunch of counterfeiters has been operating for a couple of months. You were the first to see their signals—they were signals—in Morse, but they used a code. Got code books and everything!

"That searchlight was reached by a tunnel they dug from the main shaft. That watchman is in on it too; he let them use the old mine. We're laying for the pilot of the plane and we'll soon have him probably. Now here's the way they worked it: when they had a shipment of counterfeits ready, they'd wait for a rainy night and signal the plane. It always flew on rainy nights and it was a sea-plane. When they signaled from the mountain; the plane would go down the Ohio river to a certain point and anchor in the middle. A boat would come out and load on the bills. The plane'd then fly about and distribute them. You see, they took the money by auto from the mine to the river. They didn't want to get rid of them too near here. Their chief gave me the story, Chart, and it was all through you, and now—*sling that ink!* Goodbye!"

Charter slowly replaced the receiver and was for a moment lost in thought. He'd never again see that light on a rainy night. He smiled and then jumped from his chair and with a lordly wave of his arm, he yelled to the waiting extra men, "Get her rolling!"

Spencer Stolberg

## AN EPISODE

AH, MY TRUE love, at last thou hast come. Tortuous years have I waited! Now it must be goodbye forever!" Mary Lou sighed rapturously as she emerged from a hideously-colored copy of "The Troubles of Lady Gwendolyn Myrtlemere."

"Beautiful!" was her encomium. "And so romantic!"

Mary Lou was lying somewhat stiffly in one of those instruments of torture commonly known as a hammock—the kind that hold one suspended in midair with nothing on either side to prevent the undue working of the law of gravity if one doesn't lie exactly in the middle. Mary Lou had sought this out because it looked "romantic" and they always had

such swings in movies. For two hours now she and the hammock had waged a furious war. Thus far, Mary Lou was temporary victor. Hence the rigid position. Now, however, she relaxed, stretching her arms toward an invisible figure (her tip-tilted nose and a generous sprinkling of freckles slightly detracted from her soulful expression) she murmured, in a vain effort to attain the musical tones credited to the heroine.

"Ah, my true love"—but that was as far as she got, for the hammock gleefully took advantage and "threw her."

"Goodbye forever," giggled a taunting voice. Her brother undoubtedly. Mary Lou gritted her teeth.

"Foiled again," continued the unseen audience from beyond the hedge. Mary Lou, with set expression, limped away. It must be her brother, Freddie. No one else could be quite so cruel and so devoid of romance. If only he were like that nice boy who had just moved in next door. *He* was truly an inspiring type. And his sister was just lovely. Peter and Jean Morey were their names. But, just at present, Freddie must be avoided for it might be that he would follow and upset her plans for an interesting evening. So off she went to make various and sundry mysterious preparations.

As twilight gave place to night, a slight figure made her way stealthily (though there was no one about to see her anyway) to the edge of the pond which lay just out of sight of Mary Lou's home. True, one could scarcely grace it with any name given to a respectable body of water, but it served Mary Lou's purpose. And tonight it really looked very pretty in the soft moonlight which bathed the scene. It resembled a bit of platinum dropped carelessly into the ebony setting of the surrounding darkness. Thousands of stars, the "flowers of heaven," winked down at Mary Lou as she turned her footsteps toward a strip of land which jutted out over the water. For plain Mary Lou Ellis intended to become Lady Gwendolyn Myrtlemere for one short hour.

In an effort to be quite literal, Mary Lou had achieved an astonishing change. For pale, alabaster cheeks she had covered her face with so much powder that she appeared to have recently emerged from a flour barrel. For carmen lips, she had managed to get hold of a lipstick and her mouth was now a deep red gash reaching far beyond its normal limits. A burnt match had sufficed to make wriggling snakes of her eyebrows and, finally, a couple of old lace curtains draped her from head to foot. Pity the lonely wayfarer who came upon this startling vision! An awe-inspiring figure indeed was Mary Lou—Lady Gwendolyn, if you please!

Then she proceeded calmly to enact her conception of Lady Gwendolyn meeting her long-lost lover who approaches over the dashing waves (that the dashing waves were scarcely ripples mattered not at all). And there was only the cold moon to be moved to compassion by the never-ending troubles of the long-suffering Lady Gwendolyn. Mary Lou reveled in the part. She stood on the embankment, poised lightly—as she thought—and, in a deep, melancholy voice, uttered these touching words: "Ah, my true love, at last—" Splash! Lady Gwendolyn had ventured too near the edge. Alas for Lady Gwendolyn! She sat in the water, dripping wet, trying in a dazed way to accustom herself to the sudden change from the sublime to the comic.

Of a sudden, she was horrified to hear voices above her and to recognize those voices. The Moreys! If they should find her in this humiliating plight! Horrors, no! So she remained in the water and listened to a fateful conversation. Jean was speaking:

"By the way, Pete, isn't that little girl next door funny?"



Pete laughed. "She's crazy, I guess."

Mary Lou sank a little lower in the water.

"But she'd be nice if she wasn't so silly. I played a funny trick on her today. Imitated her. Boy! she was mad and didn't stop to find out who it was."

Mary Lou winced.

"Seems to be a good sport, though. She sure has pretty curls."

"If only she didn't read so many dime novels" Jean remarked. "I bet her mother doesn't know about them."

Then they passed beyond hearing.

Mary Lou rose from her muddy bed. Her spirits were at their lowest ebb. She became aware of the garishness and the discomfort of her outlandish rigging. Poor Lady Gwendolyn! Slowly and sadly she wended her way home.

In the seclusion of her room, Mary Lou watched "The Troubles of Lady Gwendolyn" curl up in the flames and degenerate into ashes. She wept a little, for dreams are very precious and not easily abandoned. Her spirit was crushed. Never again would she—but what had Peter said?

Mary Lou dried her tears and walked over to the mirror.

"I wonder if my hair would look better fixed a different way," she said.

Margaret Murray

## THE PROMISE

JOE LAY gazing up at the white stars that blinked and winked at him from their black velvet setting—stars so near and yet so far. Like death, he mused, as he watched one shoot earthward—so far away and still so unexpectedly near. Perhaps—but what nonsense! He rolled over impatiently. Joe was young and death was but a nebulous thought. But fancies were wont to possess him on this sleepless night. As he watched the tongues of fire flicker and die, only to leap upward, as though playing hide-and-seek with the shadows, two faces seemed to appear in the white-hot heart of the flames—his mother's, understanding, sweet, a trifle weary, perhaps—and his father's, lined with care, a bit austere, though kindly withal. Joe scowled. He felt a twinge of conscience as he recalled his mother's last letter.

"Come home, Joe," she had written, "we need you. Dad is growing old and you are our only boy. Somehow I hate and fear that wild West which holds you. Be careful, son. You are all we have now, you know."

Joe soothed his mind with promises for his return—someday. He and Tim. Good old Tim! and his thoughts were off on another tack. He vividly recalled the past six months spent with Tim. In that comparatively short time, Tim had come to mean more than a brother to him. Tim had saved his life, had fought for him—he was in fact, the shining object of Joe's adoration. And Joe was his "fidus Achates." Tim was perfect in Joe's estimation and Joe loved the older boy with an unquenchable love. He would do anything for Tim! And so he fell asleep, a smile on his lips.

Next morning, as the sun peeped over the rim of the eastern hills, the two comrades set forth for another hot, busy, but exciting day. Their business was the pursuit of wild

horses but business was bad that day. The wiry mustangs aided by the keen cleverness of an experienced leader eluded every trap. Joe was a decided novice at this work, but Tim appeared to thrive on it for his one passion was wild horses. As the afternoon waned, the two, empty-handed, warm and chagrined, rode slowly toward the ranch where they were staying for the time being.

"Come on, Joe! Buck up!" called Tim laughingly, as he caught sight of Joe's downcast face, "I'll race you to the gate?"

Joe accepted the challenge and they dashed madly over the plain, risking life and limb. Tim, the daredevil of the two, forged slowly ahead. The horses hoofs pounded resonantly and shook the earth as the beasts stretched out into a long, heart-breaking stride and rapidly neared the gate. Tim's gigantic black was speedier though. As Tim himself had remarked earlier in the day, he had a "mean look in his eye."

Then, with no warning whatever, the catastrophe came. The black, unheeding the pull of the rein, continued to the gate, screamed piercingly, and flung himself against that obstacle, crushing his rider. Then, hurt though he must have been, the frenzied horse turned, reared, and trampled the unconscious Tim. Joe shot him, almost without volition, and with a last panting snort, the black died.

They carried Tim inside and did their best for him though it was plain to all that he was dying quickly. He wanted only Joe.

"Before—I—go," he gasped as a convulsive shudder of agony shook him, "promise me—promise—" his voice faltered.

"Yes, yes! Anything! What, Tim?" implored Joe, overcome by the first great tragedy in his life.

"You—must—go—home." The words came painfully, "Promise me—you'll not ride again. Not ever!"

"I give you my word, Tim," came the choked response, "I'll never sit in a saddle again. I promise."

"Good fellow," Tim whispered, "You must never take the chance I did. I—I love you, Joe. It's—hard to say—goodbye, but it's getting so dark. Never—ride—" his voice trailed off in a gurgling rattle. Tim was dead.

They buried him at sunset. No hint of recent tragedy marred the glory of the sunset—a riot of ever-changing color fading at last to pale tints which fled before the encroaching purple shadows. Joe watched it sadly, as he stood before the fresh mound of earth.

How queer the weavings of Fate! Joy and Sorrow—Day and Night—Life and Death.

Years have passed and Joe's hair is touched with the frosts of many winters. He returned home to take up his father's business and to delight his mother. He prospered. The years have dealt kindly with him and no one could ask a more ideal existence short of heaven. And if, sometimes, he longs for the thrilling excitement of the chase, if he imagines, with quickening pulse, the drumming hoofs pounding like distant thunder, flying manes, blurred scenery rushing by—he recalls with sinking heart, a lonely grave on a far-off prairie—and the rose and gold of the sunset fading slowly into night.

Margaret Murray



## THE "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" CHAIRS

THIS age of ours is an age of refreshment stands and antiques and some of us are made the suckers of others, as the following narrative will show, much to our own chagrin.

One sunshiny afternoon in the spring of 1932, a well-dressed generously-built woman of about thirty-five years of age, dressed in the famous "red" of that age, waddled up the path to the door of a dilapidated farmhouse.

"Is this a refreshment stand? Have you any cold soda? How much are these apple blossoms!" she piped in one breath.

"No, ma'am," a voice drawled, "this ain't no refreshment stand. This be where me and my brother Jim here, live."

"Oh, do excuse me," she gushed, and with that proceeded to study the old men on the porch—too old to do anything but sit and gossip.

"May I have a drink of water then!" she asked.

"Well, ma'am, I allow we could do that for you."

"Thank you, very much, Mister—er—a—"

"Green, lady. Peter Green."

"So charmed, Mister Green," she exclaimed with an effusive display of enthusiasm.

"Why, isn't—isn't that an antique chair you are sitting on!"

"Well, I guess that's what you might call it," Peter replied in his slow, monotonous tone.

"How much would you ask for it? Would twenty-five dollars be enough?"

"Well, you see, ma'am, my great-great-grandmother had this chair. Why Abraham Lincoln sat in this chair on his way to Gettysburg to make his speech there."

"Oh, how simply wonderful! Couldn't you possibly take thirty dolloars for it?"

"Why, if you really and truly want it, I guess I could. But you see, I still hold it very dear," and tears stood in the old man's eyes.

No more was needed. The woman quickly drew thirty dollars from her purse, snatched the chair and hurried down the path to a waiting car, all the while exclaiming, "Henry, look what I've found. A real——." Her voice died away into afternoon sunshine.

"Peter Green, ain't you ashamed of yourself? That's the sixth 'Abraham Lincoln' chair you've sold this week and today is only Thursday. You've got to stop it, I say, for two good reasons. First, you are deliberately fooling nice ladies like that one with your old antiques, and second and best, we haven't any more old chairs in the kitchen. There are only those new fangled ones you been buying with your antique money.

Betty Bickford



## LOST—A TIMID SOUL

BEFORE BUSYING ourselves with this episode in the life of one of Bumpeville's most constant citizens, let it be fairly understood by all, that aside from his wife, there were two especial dreads of which Phineas Pottersfield, the constant citizen, lived in continual fear—one was speech-making and the other was the Ladies' Aid Society. Therefore, even the most unlearned individual who possesses the most uncomprehending understanding of human nature may easily realize the utmost discomfiture of one, innocent and demure Phineas Pottersfield as he sat that afternoon at the speaker's table of the regular monthly meeting of the Bumpeville Ladies' Aid Society, staring into the stern, sour face of his spouse, and himself the guest speaker of the occasion.

"If only," he reflected, "some invisible imp of Satan would, with his ingenious powers, set fire to the building, thereby disrupting and prematurely adjourning that horrible meeting!"

How he longed for some magic "Carpet of Bagdad" which he could mount, and whisk over the bewildered, cynical faces of his audience and laugh defiantly at the surprised cranning of their long, gossipy necks!

The more he thought about his speech upon "The Happy Home of the Future," and the more he looked at those caustic, gaping faces in front of him and at the frozen, haughty appearance of the none-too-comely features of his wife, the more frightened and terrified he became. Until at length, actually cold from peculiar, chilling sensations in the region of his spine, he grew suddenly and miraculously courageous (for he was a naturally cringing person) and summoning his afore-mentioned courage, dashed hurriedly from the room 'midst the spontaneous outburst of frenzied cries from the excited members of the Ladies' Aid.

Once outside and onto Main Street, breathing in deep draughts of invigorating, fresh air and gazing admiringly at the supreme magnificence of the town of Bumpeville, Phineas Pottersfield, for the first time in the forty-seven years that had elapsed since the dim rays of dawn had first shone upon his blooming, squalling, and vigorous self, felt equal to the rest of his fellow citizens and competently sure of himself to take his stand with the rest of mankind! In all the twenty-one years that he had been married he had been nothing but a clinging, servile animal in the arrogant hands of his dictatorial wife. He had never enjoyed any of the independent and unquestionable rights that are so congruous with the dignity of husbands. But now—Ah! he was a man, recognized as the ruler of the earth—the Protector of the two sexes. He would avenge his tortured soul!

It is difficult for us happily-married husbands to realize the feelings of poor Phineas, but picture yourself chained steadfastly to an iron post of domination with a strong, steel chain of obedience for the period of twenty-one years and then one day to have the iron post suddenly uprooted and the chain snapped as if by the hands of some secret, benevolent genie and you will have some idea of the joyous exuberance that he at that moment felt.

Yes, Phineas Pottersfield was indeed a new man. His previously stooped, shrunken shoulders were now straight and stiff—his walk, instead of slow and slinking as before, was now brisk and regular, and his ancient bowler was now perched at an angle in preference to its heretofore geometrically straight position.

As he strutted nimbly down the street he came in sight of the cigar store, which he defiantly entered, and purchased a couple of the finest cigars without fears of a reprimanding wife. Leaving the store, he came into abrupt contact with a positive stranger. Now while



the contact was due wholly to the absent-mindedness of the latter, Phineas, from force of habit, commenced to beg his pardon, but resolutely thought better of it and experienced for the first time the absolute satisfaction that results from curtly informing a positive stranger to "Watch out where you're going!"

This incident served as a further "bracer" for the already buoyant spirits of the man and summoning his every ounce of courage, setting his jaw with an even more determined firmness and his hat at an even more perpendicular slant, he strutted grandly down the street.

For some time Mr. Pottersfield had cherished an almost fanatical and irrepressible desire for purchasing a new hat of the soft variety, but due to the decisive negations on the part of his wife he had been forced to quench the desire. Now, however, as he passed the "Elite Haberdasher" and glanced in its window-mirror, he was struck by the distorted reflection of the antique which now covered his brilliantly bald head. And now that desire rekindled itself in his bosom and burst forth with all the intensity and intumescence of a furious, seething conflagration. It was not until he had boldly entered the establishment and purchased the desired head-gear and continued confidently upon his stout-hearted, yet now somewhat self-conscious way, that the conflagration was successfully combatted and entirely extinguished.

Our hero had now but one objective and that objective—home—and thence he directed his footsteps.

Upon arriving at his prison-like abode, he immediately began preparations to transform it from its present, fixed state, into an acceptable and much longed-for exemplar of the proverbial "man's castle." He hung his recently acquired purchase on the forbidden hat rack in the hall, his coat he placed for the first time over the banister on the stairs and his rubbers he tossed carelessly into the corner. He then passed into the sitting-room. In the farther corner he spied his lazy, spoiled, mother's-pet son comfortably nestled, as usual, in the large, English lounging-chair and deeply engrossed in the contents of a detective-weekly.

Giving way to a long-suppressed desire, the father advanced menacingly toward the son and seizing the shiftless offspring by the scented cleanliness of his starched collar and by the meagre leanness of his unmuscular and inactive legs, he literally dragged him from the chair and heaved him into the depths of the room accompanied by much crashing of tables and chairs and frightened yelpings from the victim. Then pouncing, with all the agility of a cat after a mouse and in much the same manner, upon the retreating form, the father continued his outburst by roughly seizing the son and inflicting upon his clamoring, squirming self, the well-known "wood-shed trimming."

If one could have been present at that temperamental explosion and witnessed the tumultuous scene, he might have distinguished a grim look of evident satisfaction on the face of the so-long subjected parent as he gazed pleasingly after the fleeing, bellowing form of the once unruly son.

Phineas then advanced toward the lounging chair, the one which had so recently and suddenly been evacuated and he lifted it from its present corner-location and placed it before the fire. Then dropping exhaustedly into its restful, sheltering cushions, removing his collar and tie and placing slippers upon his tired, aching feet and putting them on an ottoman, he gazed into the cheery, glowing embers in front of him.

As he looked into the fire he could distinguish within its blazing depths, the usual memories and visions that result from staring into an open fireplace. He re-lived joyous days of the past—days of cycling and dreaded school; he saw the present with its many joys and sorrows; he glanced instinctively at the brightest spot in the fire and thought of the future.

He noticed a particularly fascinating smoke-cloud as it rose lazily from a crackling log. "My, how much it represented a human form!" He looked closer—it was a lady, now quite plain—a beautiful, smiling, bright-eyed lady actually alive in his fireplace! But now she began to fade away—or was she? No, there she was again, too hazy to recognize but nevertheless there. She began to come back—her face was now beginning to become not quite so cloudy. She seemed to be speaking, or at least he thought that he heard a woman's voice. Now the face was clearer—Phineas swallowed—a hard, audible, gulping swallow and then pinched himself to see if he were really awake. If that face was not the stern sour face of his wife, then he was not at that moment sitting—"And so now," the woman's voice again cutting through the air, "it is my extreme privilege to introduce at this time, Mr. Phineas P. Pottersfield!"

Phineas started. He glanced from his wife to the other women gathered 'round. He felt of his chair—hard and straight and then he looked at the chairwoman of the Ladies' Aid as she seated herself after introducing him. All this in a moment of blood-curdling realization of the whole affair—and then Phineas, continuing his recently dreamed-of and much life-like bravado, rose from his chair, shook himself and strode to the speaker's table.

"Madam chairman and dear members of the Ladies' Aid", he began. "In planning the 'Happy Home of the Future'—"

We need go no further with this chronicle. Suffice it to say that Phineas managed his speech successfully and was warmly received by the elated members of the Bumpeville Ladies' Aid Society.

Suffice it also to say that from that day forth unto the day of his departure from this earth, Phineas Pottersfield, for some strange reason known only to himself and to the readers of this writing, was a changed man, that he was free to go and come as he pleased, that he from that day forth never donned a bowler hat, that his family regarded him with the utmost reverence and respect and that Phineas P. Pottersfield was, at last, master of his own household.

Richard S. Burdick.

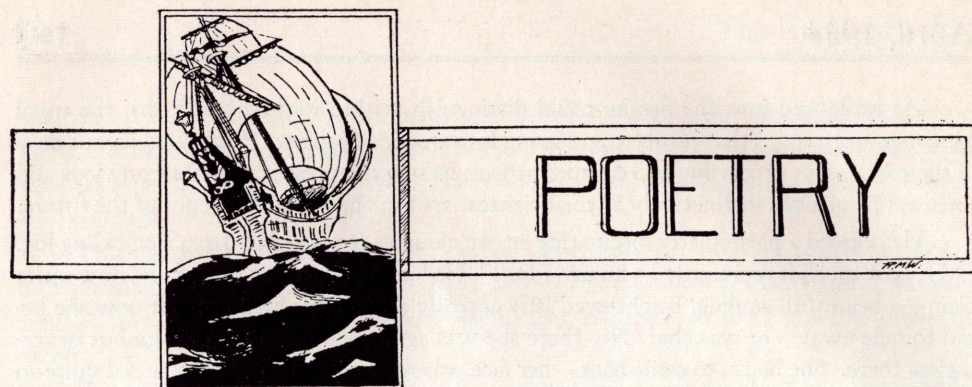
#### ALCHEMY

I was irritable and restless,  
Unhappy and moody,  
Until the rain poured down,  
Pelting hard against my hot face,  
And the tingling shock of it  
Thrilled through my rebel blood,  
Making my hurt heart sing.

Now, only wonder and April ecstasy,  
Only shining dreams and high hopes,  
Only peace and the song of the rain  
Are in my thoughts—  
The song of the rain—  
The sting of its cool, sweet cleanness—  
The power of its Alchemy.

Marguerite A. Donna.





### IMMORTAL

The ghostly light of the moon was bright  
On the ghostly way below,  
And we were mortals seeking heights  
Where only gods should go.  
Our hearts were bold for ruddy gold  
As we climbed the roads of yore  
That led to temples long unknown  
Of gods who ruled no more.

The foam flew high in the midnight sky  
As the brook swept down its way,  
But the weird wind shrieked and hurled aside  
That ghostly wreath of spray;  
And so we saw the storm kings draw  
The ebony clouds from the west—  
We knew they were slaves of ancient gods,  
Yet on we boldly pressed.

The mightiest host the shades could boast  
Rushed out to guard their height;  
And demons wailed and ghost-gods shrieked  
As we battled through the night.  
The lightning flashed as on we dashed,  
And the wrath of the gods of old  
Had slain my friends and left but me  
To find the treasure gold.

The tempest poured, the thunder roared  
As on I fought my way  
To the fabled temples' fabled gates  
Where the gods of old held sway.  
In reckless thought I set at naught  
The wailing demons' power,  
And I sought to pass the mighty gates  
That guard the treasure tower.

April, 1934

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The ghostly height was streaked with light  
As the lightning blazed on high,  
And the mighty mountain split in twain  
With a crash that rent the sky;  
And the ghost-gods spoke as the great peak broke  
And the raging tempest swirled,  
"The gold you seek belong to the Gods,  
And the Gods still rule the world!"

Charles Kline, Jr.

### SMOKY NIGHT

I wandered home at twilight  
And watched the daylight fail—  
The bars of sunset wavered  
And faded . . . dimmed . . . grew pale . . .

The breezes woke and quickened  
Then softly sighed and fell;  
For night had made her magic,  
Had cast her fairy spell

Deep in the heart of the forest  
Worked her charm . . . .  
Over the quiet meadow  
Hill and farm. . . .

Invisible her cauldron—  
Her fire's mystic flame,  
The smoke that curled to heaven—  
Who knew from whence it came?

I watched its misty whiteness  
Ascend and roll on high,  
Until the magic vapor  
Had veiled the star-filled sky.

Deep in my heart its wonder  
Softly fell. . . . .  
Smoke of the night's enchantment  
Cast its spell. . . . .

Mary O'Boyle '35



## STUDENTS!

(In the manner of Sinclair Lewis in "Work of Art.")

Students!

They rush through the halls,  
Nearly knock you off your feet,  
Rush onward with not so much  
As an "excuse".

Students!

Students!

They approach one with a timid air,  
Assume a suppliant expression on their morning faces,  
And ask if they may get a book left in their locker.  
In their peanut-sized brain the thought is running,  
"If she thinks I'm going to get a book, she's cracked."  
You know it, but what can one do?

Students!

Students!

They borrow your prized "Essays of Tomorrow"  
Promise, cross their heart, they'll return it  
Better than new.  
It comes home to roost, the seventy-third page missing,  
A cigarette hole adorning three consecutive corners,  
Students!

Students!

At the lunch counter do they make way for a teacher?  
They do *not*.  
They gang the inch-wide aisle,  
Determined to die rather than let a teacher pass,  
Acting as if they hadn't touched food  
Since they stuffed to the danger line  
Last Thanksgiving.  
Students!

Students!

They get up to recite.  
You know they haven't the slightest idea who or what  
Killed Polonius—  
And they don't care.  
A vacant (they think it thoughtful) expression  
Descends upon their features.  
After four and one-half minutes deliberation  
They smile insipidly and reply,  
"I don't know."  
Students!

Students!

If, and when, they speak in class  
It's with a meek, soft, "amn't-I-sweet" voice.  
Once let loose they screech "Hi, Nellie"  
At the top of their lungs,  
Bursting a tonsil in the effort.  
Students!

Students!

They haven't paper!

AND

They haven't a pencil!

AND

They haven't the page!

We're paid to endure it, I know.

Yet—

STUDENTS!

Margaret Rice

## BEAUTY

Such little things are beautiful . . .  
A bluebird on the wing,  
A gnarled branch where once I heard  
A springtime robin sing.

A cloud that drifted silently  
Across a summer sky,  
The silver flash of crested wave,  
And sea gull's wailing cry.

Bright beauty—found in everything  
That ever man could know—  
Unknowingly we own it, and  
Unthinking, let it go.

Mary O'Boyle '35



# Current Literature

Department conducted by Richard Stevenson

"WORK OF ART", Sinclair Lewis  
Doubleday, Doran and Company

For this novel Mr. Lewis has left at home those sharpened tools with which he etches his amazing satire, and with him he has brought his microscope with which to examine every phase of the hotel business, and also his camera with which he reproduces the great amount of material collected.

*Work of Art* revolves around a small town boy, Myron Weagle, who wanted to construct what was to him a perfect example of beauty—a flawless hotel. His parents owned the only hostelry of Black Thread Center, Connecticut, and it was in this place where he first began to expand his ideas. The culmination of this dream came with his building of a perfect Inn; the shattering of the illusion occurred when murder was committed in one of the rooms on the night that the building was first opened. This deed succeeded in turning the paying public away from the doors of the Inn, and Myron found himself without a job and without his masterpiece. After this apparent collapse of all his plans, Myron goes to the West where, surprising as it seems, he becomes a contented country hotel keeper still fostering his dream of a perfect hotel, but albeit, satisfied with the cheap reproduction that is in his possession.

Myron's brother, Ora, also is the owner of an "artistic" sense; Ora's tastes, however, are very different from those of Myron's. They run chiefly in the direction of Ora having pretty illusions of himself as a great writer. It is a surprise to learn that years after the boys have left Black Thread Center, Ora is a success judged according to pecuniary standards, and Myron, the true artist, is a failure. Myron, however, has the recompense of having gained valuable spiritual contentment which Ora has missed.

Mr. Lewis has told a simple story. He tells it with crispy Lewisonian humor intermingled with scientific regard to detail. *Work of Art* is not another *Babbitt*, but it is a splendid volume, well worth reading.

\* \* \* \*

*Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres*, *The Memoirs of Vincent Nolte*, is one of the important source books of Hervey Allen's *Anthony Adverse* and is of interest primarily to the student of curiosa, and source material. If Mr. Nolte witnessed half of the scenes and events he described he was truly a remarkable person. However, Vincent Nolte of *Anthony Adverse* is a much more interesting character than his counterpart of *Fifty Years in Both Hemispheres* which ably demonstrates Mr. Allen's skill as an author.

April, 1934

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"NIJINSKY", *Romola Nijinsky, His Wife*  
Foreword by Paul Claudel.

Simon and Schuster

The biography of Vaslav Nijinsky can hardly be expected to have an extensive circle of readers among the younger generation. Young people are not generally interested in the ballet and the esthetic dance nor its great figures. Nijinsky (now confined in a Swiss sanatorium for the insane) was one of the most famous of exponents of the ballet form of dance, and accordingly did much to forward this type of art. It is the changes, and the improvements, and the ideas that interest Mrs. Nijinsky more than the personality that she should be presenting. The biography of Nijinsky becomes more of a text book on the ballet than it does of a sympathetic portrayal of the life and thought of an individual.

\* \* \* \*

"A MODERN TRAGEDY", *Phyllis Bently*  
Macmillan Company

*A Modern Tragedy* is the narrative of a commonplace young Englishman that comes under the sway of a more dominant and vibrant personality than his own. Walter Haight becomes a mere tool of Leonard Tasker in their business dealings, and together they run the race of crooked merchandising with the much present and too much talked of depression. They go on from day to day, watering stock, paying dividends from newly acquired capital, and fixing their balance sheets so that the firm shows a profit at the end of the year. All these dealings go forward with the prayer that the depression will "break". The turn for the better doesn't come and the two men are convicted for their unethical methods and both are sent to prison.

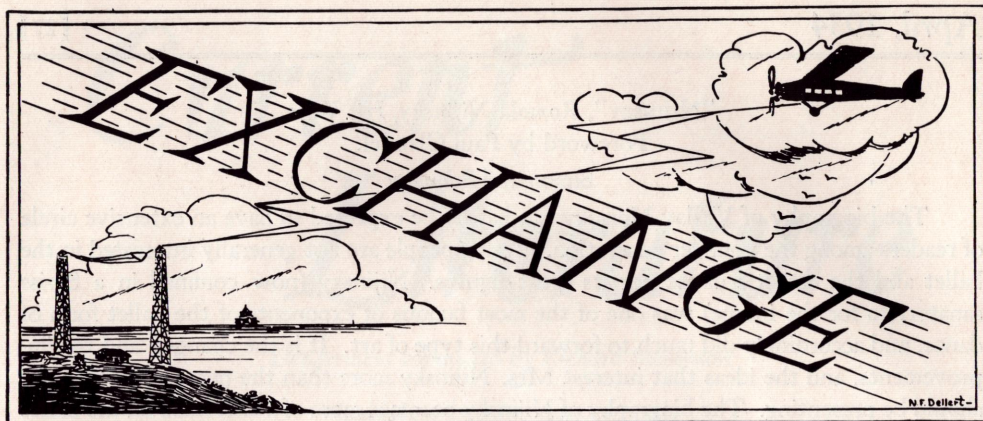
Miss Bently's theme being contemporary will probably only be appreciated by one who has lived in close proximity to our day. Her characterization, on the other hand, will go down as a gift to posterity. The vivid play of contrasts that she makes use of, like those of Henry Clay Croslands and Leonard Tasker, are like poles repelling one another but when brought together they complete a circuit. It is the same throughout the book; no matter how minor the person, no matter how small the part is that he plays in the sum total of the whole of the story, the author has lavished her skill upon him to make him breath and to live. A rare accomplishment, Miss Bently!

## ARRIVAL

Spring came suddenly this year . . .  
Or else our eyes, long blind to beauty  
Missed the earth's first heralding of her approach.  
But all at once—or so it seemed—  
The world was bright with flowers,  
And every tree alive with robins caroling  
What they had long ago observed—  
That spring was here.

Mary O'Boyle '35





(After Arnold Bennett's Journal:) At desk, and there a besmattering of periodicals, powder blue ones . . . and some profusely photographed. *Boston's English High School Record*, a deep bit of prosy writing, with a beautiful *Sonnet on John Milton* and an interesting *Dante* by the same hand. Two commercial school advertisements, clever because they are unique, showing *What* statistics of unemployed college graduates are, and *Why* there are so many (7,400,000), and *How* to avoid being one of them. *Canaan, N. Y.'s Berkshire Industrial Farm Record* . . . A simple but sincere record of the activities of its pupils and wards. Then to a new exchange—*Randolph, Vermont's Skool Nooz*, an enviable name (and we wonder why the exchange editor and her office are read by placing the right hand on the left page, and the left hand on the right page, and pulling? ?). *Is It Timidity*, a pertinent editorial on "Just why are we afraid of being laughed at?". *Y's and Other Y's* expresses our emotions:

Puffy Rice's sister was working on a sketch of her brother one night. She finally stopped and after seriously considering the likeness, exclaimed in disgust: "Oh, dear; I guess I'll put a tail on it and call it a monkey." Only this isn't a sketch—and we haven't a brother

*South Bend, Indiana's* contribution, modernistic *Interlude*. The cover—a study in black and white, intriguing with its *I Will Keep Faith*, encircled in contrasting discs. A smart, modern note, throughout. *A Treatise on Pie*, in which the authoress declares:

"No restaurant in this country has ever become so exclusive that it dared to omit pie from its menu. It can put a ball of ice cream on top and call it a la mode; but, in order to sell the ice cream, there must be the pie underneath." (Ain't it so!) Illustrations with excerpts from their stories give a professional atmosphere.

This from *Skool Nooz*:

"There is a hard wind blowing; it helps if you are moving in the right direction.' . . . When you are out in a sailboat and the wind is in the right direction, it is an easy matter to reach your destination by following a straight course, but when the wind is in the wrong direction, you have to tack back and forth and go a long way to cover a short distance. . . . The same applies to our daily life . . . A hard wind blowing . . . is a great help to us, if we are moving in the right direction. If we do not take advantage of opportunities . . . , we will have to tack back and forth in life and take a long time to go a short distance."

A letter from the *American Consular Service* at *Capetown, South Africa*, sending a list of possible exchanges (which will not come in time for any of this semester's PENS) . . . reminding us of a similar letter from *Mexico City* . . . received a while ago.

April, 1934

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One of our favorite papers (and the only one to be reviewed here) . . . *The Northern Light* . . . from *Cordova, Alaska*. We liked this cartoon, which is appropriate to the purpose of the edition: A girl lies reading before a fireplace . . . above, "The Magic World of Books" . . . below, "Circumstances may keep her in Cordova—books take her all over the world." By a library edition of *The Light*, the students hope to enlarge their school library.

A purely masculine effort, *The Echo*, arrives from *Fort Wayne, Indiana*. The poem, *The Blind Man*, a fantastic comparison between the man devoid of eyes, and the man devoid of soul. The advertisers (bless 'em) have a new trick. Now they tell you how long it will take to read their patter!

And, as *Calfskin*, editor of *Athletics* in *Interlude*, puts it, "with due apologies to O. O. Muckanmire."

Virginia Bickford.



## The Shadow



WELL! SPRING is here! How do we know? Just take a look at Brown and Buckwalter's (Cueball to you) newly mown hair! They aren't the only ones either.

Welcome back, Miss Prediger. We're glad to see everything "came out" all right!

What certain six-footer, Walter J., is being pestered by a young enthusiast via telephone? Doesn't she know the way is blocked by a dazzling blonde soph, Margaret? Incidentally, the blonde Margaret will be Beauchemin's undoing yet.

Victor, mine friend, aren't you ever going to get sick of playing "second fiddle" to the dark-haired "fiddler"? Love must be blind.

Student-teacher relationship certainly is picking up when "Stew" managed to borrow a "tux" from one of our honorable teachers.

We guess Miss Ward had the right idea when she informed one young, aspiring senior that she had just the place for him—in the audience!

My, how nature reverses! Our P. G. friend, the trombone player, has been seen going places with our talented tap dancer, while his ex-gal is after "Hi Nellie" with all her baby-talk charm (?)

The sophs are taking right after the seniors with their triangles. Charles J. and Carolyn O. are going strong, after the latter had been traveling around with Robert H. in the past.

The B. T. has a new mascot, Johnny Graves P. P. (Perfect Pest to you)—don't blame the Brain Trust.

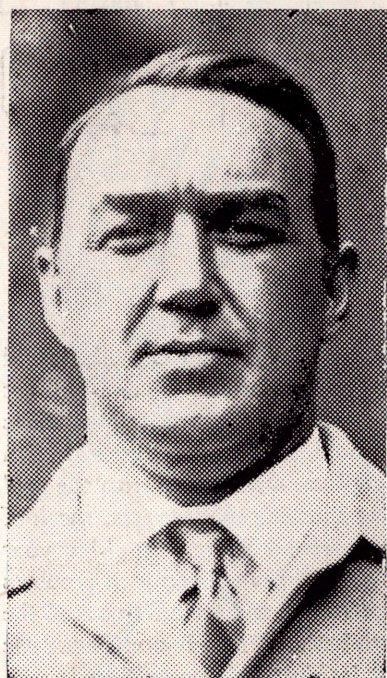
S. (B. & G.)







## A WORD FROM THE WISE



JOHN T. CARMODY

PICTURE A BOY seated before a great organ in one of the magnificent cathedrals of Europe, filled with the ecstasy which only such surroundings can bring, and yet unable to strike even one chord that might convey to others his feelings. His theme the highest, his instrument the finest, his training the best, yet, through a feeling of utter inadequacy he hesitates to touch the keys. If you picture this, then you can sense the feeling that I have in approaching my topic.

Some oft quoted poet has said: "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of Love". But I am tempted to doubt the veracity of this statement. Rather am I inclined to the belief that youth follows the unchanging laws of nature. Just as the plant life is divided into four parts, so human existence may be segmented. A tree is contained in the seed, nurtured in the bosom of "Mother Nature" during the rigors of winter. With the coming spring it raises its head and starts to take its place in life. First, under the shelter of the full grown trees, then, if it is able to withstand the ravages of storms, drought, and man, it reaches the third stage of life. Full of vigor and strength it starts sending out its seeds so as to propagate life. In the fourth stage, having attained full vigor and enjoyed a life of usefulness, it enjoys the happiness of watching its offspring well on the road to success, then withers and dies.

Youth therefore following this law, if he is normal, will at this period of life be concerned with those things which give strength, grace and stamina to withstand the hardships which most people have to undergo later on in life. His mind is being constantly developed by a graduated research into the knowledge of his fellow men. While his play assumes a character tending to bring out and strengthen these qualities necessary for success in life.

That game of games, baseball, which calls for the highest type of coordination and co-operation; track, which brings out the hidden qualities of heart and stamina, which strengthens him not only in mind and muscle but also in the virtue of abstinence; tennis which adds to his speed and grace; and golf, that most deceptive of all games, a severe test of endurance, skill and psychology; these and kindred activities occupy his attention.

Fortunately most boys are normal and are content to develop in rhythm with nature. The boy who tries to attain the heights too quickly will find himself, like the tree that grew too rapidly, the prey to the forces of adversity. Therefore if you would enjoy the fullness of life, concern yourself with those things which belong to your age. *You can never retrace your steps.*



MARGARET MILLET, a junior at the University of Vermont, was made co-chairman of the Winter Carnival held at the college during February.

Alfred L. Jenny, of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, is the pianist of the Campus Serenaders. He is a member of the Techntonians, another musical organization at the Institute and also of the Symphony Orchestra. He is affiliated with Delta Sigma Lambda Fraternity.

Thomas Curtin is slated to be at second base for Yale when that team opens the season against Springfield College at New Haven, Thursday, April 11.

Nelson Foote is among those listed on the Dean's list for freshmen and sophomores for the first marking period of the second semester at Union College.

Marion Gill and Elaine Knollmeyer are members of the freshman class at Barnard College, who took part in the Greek games presented at the school on Saturday, April 14.

John F. Moore has been awarded an American Field Service Fellowship for 1934-1935, through the Institute of International Education. Mr. Moore will leave for France on or about July first, to spend a year in research and study. He is at present a Graduate Assistant in English at Syracuse University, where he will be a candidate for the degree of Master of Arts in June. In France Mr. Moore expects to continue in English literature, at Sorbonne and in the Provinces, studying for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

Elizabeth Hogerty was recently elected technical editor of the weekly newspaper of Simmons College, where she is a sophomore in the School of Household Economics.

John Madden, a student at Providence, is one of the candidates out for third base on that school's baseball nine.

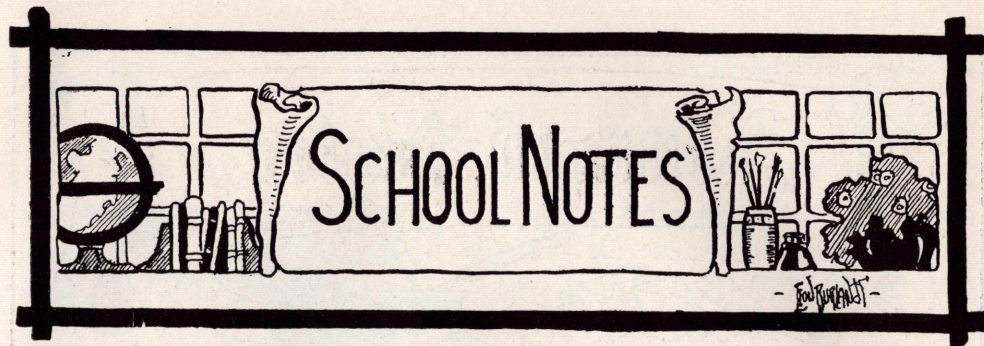
Alice Gay, a senior at Russell Sage College, has been named on the Dean's list of honor students for last semester and will be graduated Cum Laude.

Florence Dunbar, a student at Mount Holyoke College, wrote the words for the sophomore class song presented at Chapin Auditorium.

Wayne Frisch returned home recently from Angola, Ind., where he has completed his course in chemical engineering. He has received the degree of Bachelor of Science.

Betty Bickford.





Charles Kline, Jr., Editor  
Peter Barreca, Marguerite Donna, Richard Stevenson

## COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

Last fall in the Who's Who and Why column of the PEN it was said that Louise Robbins' ambition was to get a part in the Senior Play. On Friday, May 11, she will appear as the heroine in *Come Out*



LOUISE ROBBINS

of the Kitchen, the year's Senior Play. Playing opposite Louise (who, by the way, is a past president of Tri-Hi) is Dudley Head, Pittsfield High's brilliant football tackle.

*Come Out of the Kitchen* tells the trials of a southern family who rent their mansion to a northerner. (Dud Head). They can't get servants for three days when he arrives, and so they decide to take their places. What happens? Well . . . This play is based on the story by Alice Duer Miller, and was originally produced at the George M. Cohan Theatre in New York with Ruth Chatterton in the leading role.

Besides Dud Head and Louise Robbins there are in the play Sam Rue, the laugh-

maker (and also dish-breaker on the side); Jennie Pasek; Richard Connors; Bruce Burnham, our chapion debator, as a poet; Christine Manley; Carol Hayward; Richard Stevenson; Joan Decker, and orator Harold Feldman.

The date—May 11; the time—8 P. M. Shall we see you there?

## LATIN LOSS LAMENTED

Mr. William D. Goodwin and Miss Catherine Nagle, of the Latin department, attended the annual meeting of the Classical Association of New England, held at Brown University at Providence, Rhode Island, April 6 and 7. Two hundred members from schools and colleges throughout New England discussed subjects pertaining to the classics. Some deplored the growing tendency on the part of some colleges to omit the requirement of Latin for admission.



## MUSCLE MAKERS

Nearly seven hundred enthusiastic Pittsfieldites, their friends, parents, relatives, and girls, were crowded into the gymnasium. It was 7.30 P. M. on Thursday, April 12. The crowd was quiet, the band blared, and the second boys' gymnasium exhibition was on.

Without a hitch the show went on, from wand drill to tiger leap. Coach Carmody and the boys knew just what to do at the right minute, and they certainly did it. The coach, the leaders, and the boys deserve the congratulations of the whole school.

Athletics received over sixty dollars from this event. Let's back up Coach



April, 1934

[35]

Carmody and the Athletic Council in the future as we have in the past. And here's to bigger and better gymnasium exhibitions!

## TO THE LADIES



Rita Mara will soon be proudly wearing her letter as the girls' bowling champ of Pittsfield High. She was the high scorer in the recent girls' tournament.

And she does *not* attribute her success to eating any breakfast cereal. Marjorie Wilcox and Dorothy Gillette, runners-up, will receive numerals.

The Junior girls seem to have an edge in basketball. At least they have a majority on the winning girls' team. Our champion hoopsters are Beatrice Bonley, captain, Ella Angelo, Dorothy Huddleston, Margaret Leslie, Florence Solera, Volanda Solera, and Marion Spiewak.

## NOTES FROM THE INKPOT



Robert Browne, Victor Olsen, and Sol Gruner would like to know of any students interested in putting on a chemistry exhibition. Such an event may be held if there is enough interest.

Because of coming musical assemblies some of the historical films in the Yale University series will be held over until the fall. Many students, however, feel that such a plan would destroy the interest by breaking the sequence. This would also mean that Senior A's and Post-graduates could not see the final films. If enough are interested, some arrangement might be made for showing all the pictures this spring.

After the series of six social dancing lessons sponsored by the gymnasium instructors there will be an afternoon dance for the benefit of the Athletic Association. More will be held if there is enough interest. The dancing lessons were so popular the class had to be divided. The dance should be even better. Don't miss it.

Mr. Goodwin recently gave his Cicero class the results of a test on March 15, the Ides of March. And so many another noble Roman fell.

We have heard that there is a new arrival in the Brain Trust—a stool pigeon for anti-Brain Trusters. These Sophomores never do learn.

## SENIOR SCRAPBOOK

The Senior A class is sponsoring a series of musical assemblies to be given this spring. The first, a concert by Mr. Thomas King, violinist, will be given May 2.



The Senior A picture committee includes the following: Ellen Gardner, Anna Denno, Dorothy Quirk, Helen Jeffries, Edmay Vienneau, Stanley Carpenter, John Rudin, and Kenneth Pike.

Students who plan to take College Board Examinations in June have been formed into classes in the Latin and History departments. The United States History class, under Miss Kaliher, meets every Wednesday. The Latin class, taught by Mr. William D. Goodwin, is held Thursday afternoons. Other such classes will be formed soon.

## CLUBS CHOOSE CAPTAINS

Three of the four Hi-Y clubs, which are among the most active organizations in the school, have recently elected officers. The returns from the fourth club came in too late for publication.



In the Senior Hi-Y we find the one and only Jack Merry as president; George Haylon, vice president; "Bud" Holden, secretary; Arno Lehman, Treasurer; and "Bud" Proddgers, Warden.

The Tri-Hi picked as their leaders Ruth Taylor, president; Louise Hayward, vice president; Peggy Knight, Treasurer; and Betty Rue, Secretary.

The Torch Hi-Y chose as president Lester Balmer; as vice-president, George Betts; treasurer, Bernard Wood; secretary, Leslie Abell; and warden, Walter Josselyn.



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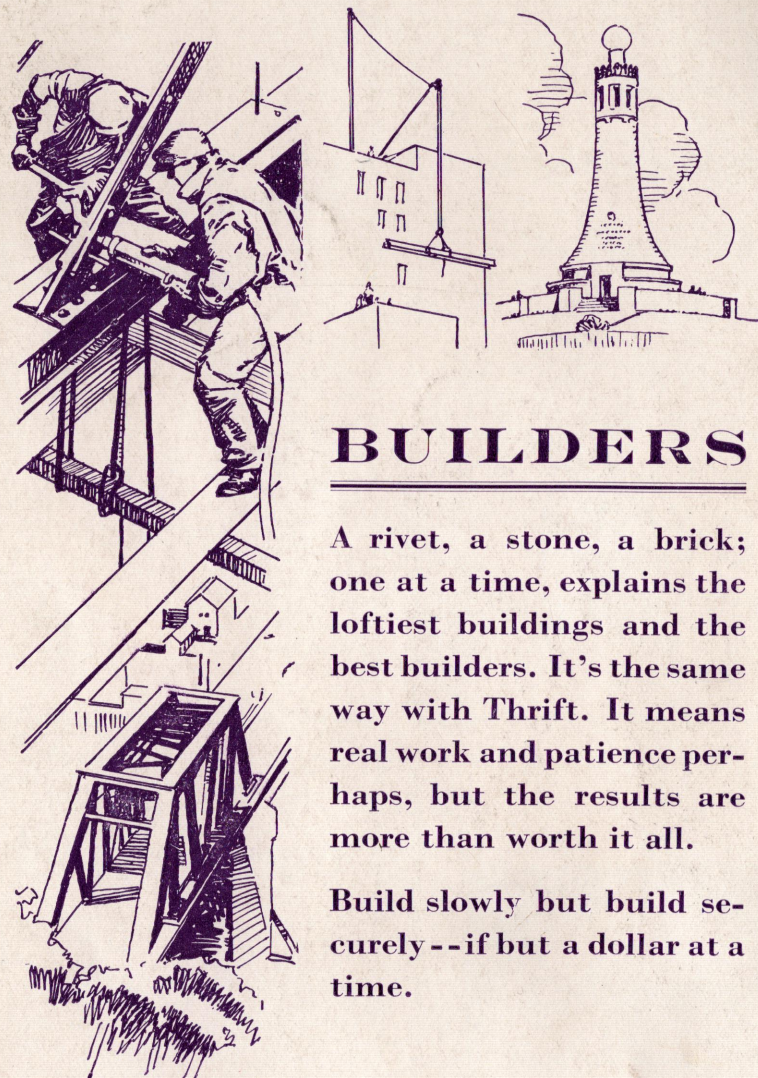
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April, 1934